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MAJ. PERKINS

Talks About Impressions, Both Good and Bad.

Mr. Editor:—You have reminded me that there is room in The Messenger for another "Perkins Letter." You don't seem to think that the supply of "Tom Foolishness" may some day run out. Your idea seems to be that you have only to turn the pump handle and that away down somewhere in the echoless depths of nonentity the stream, like Tennyson's Brook, "runs on forever."

Well, the chief excuse your Uncle Eli has for living in these latter days is that he may add his mite to the sum total of human happiness in the world. For if I breathe God's fresh air, use up His sunshine and eat the good grub prepared at the "Owl Holler" home, I must make some returns for it. Some wise man said, "He that makes two blades of grass grow where only one grew before is a public benefactor." And I say he that makes two smiles grow where only a frown grew before ain't no slow coach himself.

Some months ago I gave out to the public that I was going to retire from literary pursuits and make an honest living some other way, for I work for nothing and Gerusha boards me, and she says it unfits me for garden work, churning, and the like, but I've got a bushel and a half of postals asking me to reconsider, and I did like Senator Bailey, of Texas—resigned one day and took it back the next. One old fellow said "I went home yesterday to dinner and found my wife in bed; she was down and out with so many aches and pains that it would take a couple of doctors to locate them. I took out the paper and read her a Perkins letter, she got in a good humor, got up to dinner and went calling in the afternoon, and I haven't heard anything more about that rumatiz." That saved him a \$2 doctor bill and 50 cents at the drug store for some sweetened water for a tonic. So when the disease is in the brain and imagination give one Perkins letter every day until relieved. Now, with these introductory remarks I will relate a circumstance or two for the benefit of those who may be interested.

A few days ago I saw a young man, with a new suit of clothes on, crossing the muddy street and looking back at a pretty girl standing on the front porch of her house. Before he had time to say scat his foot slipped and he was laid out in the mud. I helped him to his feet, scraped off about a half acre of real estate and gave him good advice about walking one way and looking another, and sent him on his way, not rejoicing. That put me to philosophizing; he had made three impressions in a half second without trying: One on the girl, one on me and one on the ground, and all of them bad. You have heard people say they would do as they liked without regard to what the world thought. They ought to be in the asylum, because anybody with that little sense ought not to run at large. The impression we make on the world as we go along is what gives us character and fixes our place in society among our fellow-men and fellow-women. Impression is a big word and covers a wide field, and you will run up against it, no matter which way you turn.

When I was a young man, just old enough to love a girl as hard as a mule could kick, a young lady visited her cousin in the neighborhood, and they planned to rope me in and had all kinds of entertainments to throw me with her. She talked flowers, stars and moonshine, but somehow I couldn't get interested; I felt like there was humbug somewhere. When she went away a girl friend of mine told me all

the curls she wore were bought out of the store, and she chewed gum and had one glass eye. So that was another bad impression.

Not long after that another girl came into the neighborhood, and she was a daisy.

Her eyes were a deep azure blue, Her hair a sunny golden hue, And every time I saw her I got all in a stew.

Till I be durned if I knew what to do.

And to add to the solemnity of the occasion her father had lands, horses and niggers to burn—for it was before the war. I had already learned the easiest way to get rich was to inherit and I was more than willing to help her inherit. I said to myself, "This is a bargain," and I set out to win, leaving no rock unturned that I thought would make a good impression. We went to the picnic and preaching and to the old-fashioned bran dance that we had in Middle Tennessee then—about one-half acre of ground covered over with saw dust, and a string band from Nashville. The cotillion was all the go then, about forty couples in motion all at the same time. A man with a voice like a steamboat whistle, prompted, "First gentleman to the third lady, forward and back again, swing corners, balance all," and so on. I drove the Ball horse to one of these little hug-me-tight buggies. He could pace a mile in 2:20 without skip or break. As we came down the pike to the bran dance that morning I gave Ball to understand I wanted to make a good impression and he shook his head for a little more rein and we came down the road like a greased streak of lightning. That girl held her hat with one hand and hugged me like a bear with the other to keep from falling out. I was very particular to talk exactly according to grammar, with a little Latin phrase thrown in for good measure, and sat up till midnight memorizing poetry to repeat to her. Finally I ran up on this verse, and thought that it would bring her round: "The burning rays from thy bright eyes

Enslaved my heart with captive chain;
Oh! let me know thy heart is mine,
Or give me my heart back again."
I hope some of you youngsters may use this verse with better results than I did, for when she went home a girl told me she said I was so green I ought to carry corn in my pocket to keep the geese off of me. That was a good impression turned into a bad one.

"Tis sweet to love, but oh! how bitter,
To love a gal and then can't gitter."

At the marriage feast spoken of in the Bible they saved the best wine for the last course, but I have saved up the worst for the last. I don't like to tell it, for I am trying to forget it, but it goes to prove the worse the impression the harder it sticks to you. This will go down in history as the bull dog incident. I was feeling kinder poorly and Gerusha said get out and go somewhere. She never could half do her work with an old mullagrubby man sitting around the house in the way, so I thought I would carry my ailments down to Bill Jones and see if I couldn't get a little sympathy down there. I was reflecting on the ups and downs of a married man when I opened the yard gate and went hopping on up towards the house. It was a cloudy day and my rumatiz was worse than usual. I hadn't heard that Bill had lately invested in a brand new up-to-date bull dog, guaranteed to bite on sight. When I got about half way, with malice aforethought and without any warning, his majesty came around the corner of the house. He was

MISSISSIPPI-ALABAMA FAIR

The Mississippi-Alabama Fair, which will be held in Meridian October 16 to 21 inclusive, promises to be one of the most progressive events ever held in East Mississippi and Western Alabama. The fair association has been launched with a capital stock of \$100,000. A site has been purchased, and already work, in preparing the grounds and buildings are under way.

\$15,000 will be paid in cash premiums for woman's work, agricultural and horticultural exhibits, horses, cattle, mules, jacks, hogs and poultry. Ample provision will be made for housing all kinds of fowls and animals, in any quantity. Each breed of fowl and animal placed on exhibit will have a separate and distinct building.

The purpose of the fair, and one which has aroused intense enthusiasm among the farmers and merchants of this territory, is to educate the people to plant, produce and handle the best of every available method known in agriculture and stock breeding.

A farm is now under cultivation, adjacent to the fair, where practical demonstrations will be made. This farm is in the hands of experts. They will not only tell the farmer how to plant, but will specify the amount of returns and educate him in disposing of his products. Specific illustrations will also be made in stock raising.

The fair grounds are situated in two blocks of the Union Passenger Station and five blocks from the center of the city. It will be easily accessible to the railroads, both for transporting exhibits and attendance.

Meridian is the largest city in Mississippi and the coming fair will be along the same lines and promises to eclipse anything ever held in the State before.

black, with white face, bob-tailed crop eared and a face on him that would scare the devil. He stopped a minute to take in the situation, as much as to say:

The bull dog and the opportunity have met.

Soon I will have my teeth in that man's leg set.

And I said:

About this thing there is too much red tape.

I wish I had a pair of wings to make my escape.

He made a lunge at me and I made a lunge at the fence, full six feet high, and cleared the top without touching it.

As I went over he caught my coat tail and tore off a half yard clear across.

I lit on the other side a running—I had urgent business up the road. It was a mile home and I made it in three minutes, casting an occasional glance to see if the dog was coming, for he had made an impression on my coat tail that was lasting, and it mout have been was.

I sat down on the door steps to get a little wind and kinder get myself together. When Gerusha appeared on the scene, and like a woman full of curiosity, she poured the questions in on me. "Where is your stick? and your hat? and what's become of your coat tail? and where is your rumatiz? I related the circumstance with a great deal of pathos and sentiment, and to my surprise she just laid back and laughed, said she knew I was hopping around to keep from work and she wanted a picture of the sage of Owl Holler and the dog while we were both in the air, each doing his duty as he saw it without regard to the effect it would have on the rising generation.

Said she was going to send the dog a piece of limburger cheese and a soup bone with her compliments, and try to buy him to use as an instantaneous rumatiz cure and put all these old gouty people to work. I would like to comment here, but I want to teach you all a lesson, and that is: If you are mad don't talk—especially if you are married.

ELI PERKINS.

WASHINGTON LETTER.

By E. C. Snyder.

The engineers who have been selected to run the democratic machinery during the next two years in the lower House of Congress, have engaged in oiling up the parts, looking over the cylinders and drive wheels, tightening up the belting and generally getting ready for the start last Tuesday, when the 62nd Congress convened in extraordinary session. Here and there new parts have been inserted taking the place of the rusty ones which have shown since the democratic machine was displaced by the republican machinery fifteen years ago. The majority members of the House committees have been selected; the elective members of the House have been chosen, the defeated candidates taking their loss as philosophically as possible. Of course there are heart burnings and considerable "kicking", particularly over several committee chairmanships.

The program which the democrats will follow, is still in the making, the Ways and Means Committee being somewhat at sea whether to report the Canadian reciprocity pact at once or introduce a revision of Schedule "K", commonly known as the wool schedule holding the agreement made between the Canadian and United States Commissioners until a later date. It is believed, however, that the Canadian treaty will be taken up immediately and after a period of general debate will be passed by the House and sent on its way to the Senate where it will run a gauntlet of determined opposition with the possibility of amendment before it is finally passed by the upper branch of Congress.

This year is regarded as a crucial one in history of waterway improvement and development, for it will be settled by the 62nd Congress, whether the recommendations made by the river and harbors committee of the 61st Congress, that there should be annual river and harbor bills, shall become the fixed policy of the government. For ten years or more the National Rivers and Harbors Congress has been carrying on a campaign of education to the end that the rivers of the country should be treated in the same manner as the army, the navy, the postoffice and other branches of the government and that piecemeal and sporadic appropriations should be wholly abandoned not only in the interest of economy but looking to the early completion of accepted projects along well-defined lines. Should the democrats who are now on trial for the first time in fifteen years decide upon a policy of retrenchment in appropriations in view of their oft-repeated charge of extravagance against the republicans, it might result in an agreement to pass up the river and harbor bill to the 63rd Congress. Herein lies the danger to the realization of a comprehensive policy of waterway betterments, "a danger", according to Mr. J. N. Teall of Oregon, a director in the National Rivers and Harbors Congress, "at once very vital to the cause of river and harbor improvements which the American people are demanding more strenuously than ever before. It behooves the friends of our great natural highways of trade and commerce to be very active this year, for it means much for the future of this great subject."

Respectfully submitted,
3-23-51 Ollie Owen, et. al.

PETITION FOR PARDON.

To His Excellency, E. F. No. 1, Governor of Mississippi.

We, the undersigned, respectfully petition you to grant a pardon to Ollie Owens, convicted of robbery at the April term, 1910, of the Second District of Chickasaw County, Mississippi. We do not believe him to be guilty of the crime, and therefore ask the pardon.



Eye Sight

Do Your Eyes

Trouble You?

Eye trouble causes other ailments, such as headache, pains in temples, nervousness, black spots in front of vision. Eyes will ache and water and burn. Letters will blur and run together in reading. Do not neglect such symptoms unless the vision is so injured that it cannot be relieved.

What is the Remedy?

Have your eyes tested and examined by a Specialist who knows what the trouble is and how to relieve it. If it is a weakness or an error of refraction, glasses or spectacles properly fitted will relieve the trouble and preserve the sight. Don't wait until you are blind and then expect to get relief.

Have your eyes fitted now by DR. BYRON MITCHELL, OPTOMETRIST, of West Point, Miss. Will be at Bearden & King's Drug Store, Okolona, Miss., Thursday and Friday, April 13 and 14. Modern instruments and methods used. No house to house calls made.

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